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EDINBURGH.

OF course, the origin of Edinburgh is lost in the darkness of the past. All that antiquarians can tell us is their own ignorance. It is stated to have been known to the old Pictish kings as the *Castrum Puellarum*, or Maiden's Castle, from being the ark of safety, dedicated as a residence for their daughters. Some people say the city was called *Edwinsturgh* in the time of Edwin, the Northumbrian prince, whose dominion extended over the Lothians. The favourite derivation, however, is drawn from the Gallic terms which signify *Dun Edin*, "the face of a hill." Leaving the antiquarians to settle this question at their leisure, we propose to take a short ramble through the town itself.

General surveys of Edinburgh are best obtained from the Castle, from Scott's monument in Prince's-street, from the Calton Hill, or from Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat. A ramble from Holyrood Palace to the Castle will well repay the stranger. The Palace itself is memorable for its associations with the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots. Her apartments on the second floor remain in the same state as when she herself occupied them. Her bed is still in the bed-chamber; the embroidery of the chairs and hangings was done by herself. The small closet, in which she was at supper when the conspirators entered for the assassination of Rizzio, is still in existence, as are also the door and passage from the Chapel Royal, by which they obtained access. Stains of blood, said to be Rizzio's, are still shown; the stranger, however, is not compelled to believe the tale unless he likes. The Chapel Royal, which stands upon the north of the Palace, is roofless, but, excepting Melrose, is perhaps the finest specimen of ecclesiastical Gothic in Scotland. The apartments inhabited by Queen Victoria, when in Edinburgh, occupy the entire southern wing, looking towards the level ground at the foot of Salisbury Crag, called the Duke's Walk, from having been the favourite promenade of that foolish king who lost his kingdom for a mass. From the Palace, proceeding towards the Castle, a few steps bring you to the Canongate, a street full of rare interest. In the cemetery attached to the Canongate Church are the remains of Robert Ferguson, the poet, whose "*Farmer's Ingle*" is generally regarded as the inspiring source of Burns' "*Cotter's Saturday Night*," and the tombstone to whom was erected by Burns himself. Here also sleep Dugald Stewart, and that yet greater philosopher, Adam Smith.

A little further on, on the other side, stands Murray House, said to have been the abode of the Regent Murray, now a normal seminary for the Free Church. In the rear of this edifice stands a summer-house, in which the articles of the Union with England were in part signed by stealth to avoid the fury of the populace, the deed having been completed, however, in a cellar opposite the Tron church, long known as the Union Cellar. Again, crossing to your right, a little higher up we come to JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE—a quaint, old, half-timbered house—cased up in plaster, but venerable and curious still, in spite of modern repair. Like all Edinburgh people, John Knox seems to have had not a house, but a flat to himself, and his flat is on the second floor. Here he resided whilst officiating as one of the city ministers—he, of whom it was said by the Earl of Morton, when he laid him in his now unknown grave in St. Giles' churchyard, "Here lies one who never feared the face of clay." Here he wrote his "*History of the Reformation within the realms of Scotland*;" and here the shot of an intended assassin entered through the little window and struck the candle by the aid of which he was writing. Outside the window, towards the High-street, through which Knox must many and many a time have looked, is an inscription calling upon the passer-by, to "luf God and thy neighbour as thyself." On the front of a house opposite, two undoubted Roman medallions of the Emperor Severus and Julia his consort are seen. In public opinion they have long passed for the heads of Adam and Eve.

Passing the Tron church, we come to the Royal Exchange, finished in 1761, at an expense of £31,500, at the time regarded as the grandest public improvement in Edinburgh.

On our way to it, however, we forgot to observe, is the site of the ancient Cross, where Montrose and Argyle were beheaded. We next approach the High church, where the dean and chapter were routed, by having the cutty-stool of Jenny Geddes launched at their heads during the reading of the collect. In 1643, the Solemn League and Covenant was inscribed within these walls. Within their shadow also sleep many of the Napiers of Merchistoun, a family memorable in our own and for ages back, for science and daring and skill. The present appearance of the church is modern. It is known to be the most ancient ecclesiastical building in Edinburgh. In 1466 it contained no fewer than forty altars, dedicated to various saints. It is now partitioned out into three places of public worship. The High church proper is used on great occasions by the Lord Commissioner, who proceeds hither in state, from Holyrood House, to hear the sermon on the opening of the General Assembly in May, and by the Judges of the Court of Session, who attend in their robes. The High church, or St. Giles' cathedral, as it is sometimes called, forms a side of Parliament-square, the other three sides consisting of the various court-houses of the Court of Session. In the centre of the square stands a metal equestrian statue of Charles II. It is well done. The artist was an unknown Dutchman. For some time it was ingloriously hidden in Calton jail.

A little further on and we reach the Grass Market, the head-quarters of country carriers, market people, rustic hosteleries, and of some of the worst specimens of Edinburgh narrow recesses, called wynds and closes. Still heroic memories attach to it. It was anciently the place of public execution. Here Cargill and Renwick, and the other martyrs of the Covenant, sealed their attachment to it with their blood. On the south side of the Grass Market stood the monastery of the Grey Friars; and on its demolition in 1599, the ground behind was given to the city by Queen Mary for a cemetery. Neglected as it is, no part of Edinburgh is richer in associations. There many of Scotland's most honoured sons await the resurrection morn. George Buchanan, the great Latinist, and tutor of James the First; and Allan Ramsay, the Scottish pastoral poet, are buried there. The "bluidy Mackenzie," and persecutor of the Scottish Covenanters, there sleeps side by side with the objects of his bitter persecution and fanatic hate; or, in the language of the Royal Preacher, "their love, and their hatred, and their envy is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun." In the same confined spot, also repose all that is mortal of such men as Robertson, the historian; Black, the improver of chemistry; Maclaurin, the mathematician; Hugh Blair, the rhetorician; Robert Adam, the architect; Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling;" and M'Crie, the advocate and biographer of Melville and of Knox. Scotland has no more consecrated ground.

The Castle, rising on its steep precipice immediately above the Grass Market, next strikes the observer. From this open square, Edinburgh people tell us, it presents one of its grandest prospects. We climb up a narrow flight of steps on our right hand, and at length reach it. Edinburgh Castle, though not what it might be, does, after all, beat very considerably that remarkably ugly building known as the Tower of London. It rises boldly up nearly 400 feet above the level of the sea, and 300 above the valley below, and covers a space of six acres. It stands upon a precipice utterly inaccessible on the north and south-west, and, with the gate well guarded, one would imagine that the prisoner once within its iron clasp, might well abandon all hope and give himself up to despair. The buildings on the castle rock are certainly of no remote antiquity, and have a very barn-like appearance—the castle having been many a time razed to its foundations. The date of Queen Mary's palace, in the south-east of the upper square or quadrangle, is 1565, and that of the New Barracks, 1796. From the esplanade, which commands both right and left, you have magnificent views of the old and new town. The entrance to the castle is by a drawbridge, guarded by strong low flanking batteries crossing a dry ditch; over the arched

gateway and strong gates in the passage, cut through the rock within, stands what was formerly the State Prison. The Argyre battery projects towards the new town upon the right, mounted with twelve and eighteen pounders.

Passing southward to the higher point of the castle rock, the more ancient buildings of the fortress are found. In the east of the upper square, you will find the Crown Room, containing the regalia of Scotland—comprising the crown of James V.; his sceptre; the sword of state, presented to Pope Julius II. by James IV.; and other crown jewels of Scotland; Charles I.'s ruby ring, set round with diamonds; the golden collar of the garter, sent by Queen Elizabeth to James IV.; and the badge of the thistle, bequeathed by Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts, to George IV. Immediately under the Crown Room is Queen Mary's apartment, in which James I. was born. The small window of this chamber overlooks, from a great height, the Grass Market, and the new approach winding round the south of the castle. The original style, inscriptions and decorations of the room, have been preserved, and the window appropriately filled with stained glass. Leaving the castle, at the bottom of the hill stands Victoria Hall, with an elegant spire of 240 feet, founded in 1842, on occasion of Her Majesty's first visit to Scotland, as a place of meeting for the General Assembly, or supreme court of the established church of Scotland. Turning towards the west, you will see the West Bow, so minutely described in the "Heart of Mid Lothian;" though altered, as everything does alter in this world of change, still a good deal of the old patched-up timber-building remains. Here you see what were the old aristocratic residences of Edinburgh. Mary of Lorraine, mother of Mary Queen of Scots, lived here.

So much for the old town. It contains little more for the stranger to see. The best thing he can do is to pass along one of the handsome bridges that connect it with the new, and in doing this he will pass over the ravine, which seems to be the boundary between the two. We will suppose he takes our advice, and goes at once to the Calton Hill, which is a site unrivalled, and which very properly has been taken under the especial care of the magistrates and town council. The first monument, in going up the stairs on the hill side, is that of Dugald Stewart, modelled after Isocrates's Lantern of Demosthenes at Athens. The old and new observatories are placed just above, and close by is a monument to Professor Playfair. To the right stands a tall telescopic tower, 102 feet high—it is Nelson's monument. You will there see the old hero's autographs and other relics; and you will have a splendid panoramic view from the top, provided the day be clear. Beautiful views greet you on every side. Coming down from your high eminence, again treading the steps of mother earth, a sad disgrace to Edinburgh meets your view. We refer to the national monument, which was commenced in 1822, as a restoration of the Parthenon at Athens, and which stands in a melancholy and unfinished state. Twelve columns of the portico alone have been erected, and for the present the memorials of illustrious Scotchmen, for the reception of whom it was intended, must be placed elsewhere. On the east of the hill is the High School of Edinburgh, one of the most perfect of modern Doric designs. The spacious interior accommodates the extensive classes of this celebrated seminary of learning, established, in 1598, for classical literature, modern languages, and the ordinary branches of education imparted to boys. Near it stands Burns' monument. Turning towards Princes-street, we pass a portion of the old Calton burying-ground, in which still remains the tomb of David Hume, and in which lately was erected a huge obelisk, in memory of Messrs. Muir, Palmer, Gerald, and Skirving, who were charged with treason.

Proceeding onwards you pass the Register House, in front of which stands Mr. John Steel's grand equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. This spirited sculpture, which occupied ten years in execution, contains twelve tons of bronze, cost £10,000, and is colossal in its proportions. The great captain of the age is represented seated on a war charger, riding through the midst of battle, and issuing the fiat of command. The charger rears to the rein and paws the air, whilst the

attitude and expression of the rider indicate the mastery of mind over matter. It was inaugurated on the 18th of June, 1852, the last anniversary of the battle of Waterloo which the duke lived to behold. A little further on, we come to the gem of the Edinburgh monuments—the Scott monument, rightly termed the most magnificent Gothic ornament of Edinburgh. It is placed upon the terrace platform of the Scott or East Princes-street Garden. The monument was founded in 1840, and designed by Mr. Kemp. Beneath the Gothic canopy a figure of Scott, with his favourite dog, Maida, in Carara marble, is conspicuous. The group is beautifully draped, and, as a likeness of Scott, has recently met with the especial admiration of Mr. Lockhart. Freestone figures of Donald Bane, the harper, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Meg Merrilies, etc., have been introduced among the details of the architecture, and the *élèves* of Heriot's hospital have lately got permission to add a statue of George Heriot as one of Scott's characters. The balconies are accessible for the small charge of sixpence, and you may again view the town from them. Passing on, we reach the Royal Institution, where extensive suites of apartments are dedicated to the use of the School of Design in connexion with a gallery of casts, which includes the most celebrated ancient statues and torsos—copies of the Elgin marbles; and of the celebrated Baptistery Gates of Florence, and which is open to the public gratis; a recommendation that also extends to the collection of the works of ancient and modern masters, in process of formation in the same place, which is shown along with the collection of pictures and bronzes, left to the University of Edinburgh by Mr. James Erskine of Torry, and which is well worth going to see. There are some of Etty's finest pictures there. Their number is five, and we have none like them in England. There are also some very fine ones by Raffaele and other Italian masters. The gallery is open every Tuesday and Friday, and, though small, may yet boast of the value of its contents. Just behind the Royal Institute, royal art galleries are in course of erection. The foundation-stone was laid by his Royal Highness Prince Albert in 1850. Parallel with Princes-street runs its rival, George-street, containing also its squares and public monuments; and then, as you wander in different parts, you stumble upon colleges or hospitals, or public gardens and cemeteries; all vying with each other in beauty and interest; all conspiring to give to Edinburgh a proud place amidst the capitals of Europe.

Edinburgh, then, it must be confessed, is a splendid city. In 1851 it had a population of 158,015. Two thousand students attend lectures in its university, Scotch families spend the season there, as English go to London; and they have an advantage over the southerners, that they come to a magnificent city—that they breathe air, and not smoke or fog—and that they go to bed in good time. Compared with other cities, Edinburgh may seem dull—you miss the mills and factories of industrial towns; but it has a refined air, as if it lived in the best society—as if it were redolent of cultivated taste. The houses and streets and monuments all impress you with this fact. Campbell says:

"What are monuments of bravery
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery

Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?"

This is true; and if Edinburgh had the monuments without the bravery, hers were a pitiable case. But it is not so; she is firm as Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat, beneath which she nestled in her young day, when her greatness and her glory were yet to come. Out of her midst have gone forth great men—great alike in art and arms. The Napiers have been her citizens. The seminal minds of England, many of them, have owed to her all that they are or were. Brougham and Jeffrey were born there. Sydney Smith, Francis Horner, Lord John Russell, and the Marquis of Lansdowne studied there, as did also many others who have gained high distinction. The world owes Edinburgh much. It is a pleasant town to think of or to live in. Well, then, may we close by wishing "Auld Reekie" well.